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## WONG ARK BONDSMEN.

The Chinese Charged with Perjury Becoming Restive.

Motions Filed to Set Aside the Informations Against Them.

Two Divorces Granted by Judge Shaw, One by Judge VanDyke.

The Supreme Court Decisions Received for Filing—Charles Lee Kong Gets Two Years in San Quentin—Court Notes.

Ah Tet and the four other Chinamen charged with perjury in the Wong Ark trial, appeared before Judge Smith yesterday in Department One, and by their counsel, Messrs. Guthrie and Hardesty, moved the Court to set aside the informations on file against them on the ground (1) that they had not been legally committed by any magistrate before the filing of said informations; and (2) that the informations had not been subscribed to by the District Attorney of the county. This motion having been argued and submitted, the defendants filed a demurrer to the information on the ground (1) that it did not conform to the requirements of secs. 950, 951 and 952 of the Penal Code; (2) that more than one offense was charged thereunder; and (3) that the facts therein stated did not constitute a public offense. This also was argued and submitted, the Court reserving its ruling until Tuesday next, when the defendants will be called upon to plead.

THREE DIVORCES GRANTED. Mrs. Henrietta Downey was yesterday granted a decree by Judge VanDyke divorcing her from her husband, John Downey, on the ground of desertion.

Judge Shaw granted a like privilege to Mrs. Mary C. Bennett, whose husband, Dr. T. E. Bennett, had deserted her and failed to provide for her. The case of Modesta B. de Romero vs. Angel Romero also came up for hearing before Judge Shaw yesterday, and resulted in a judgment and decree for plaintiff, as prayed for, the defendant and his attorney leaving the court room during the course of the trial in disgust, because the Court would not permit Attorney Appel to pursue his usual course of building.

TWO YEARS IN SAN QUENTIN. In Department Six yesterday, Charlie Lee Kong, the Chinese lottery ticket dealer recently convicted of having assaulted Detective Able of the police force with intent to commit murder, appeared before Judge McKinley to receive sentence. His counsel, C. C. Stephens and H. C. Grant, moved the Court for a new trial, but the Court denied the motion and sentenced the defendant to imprisonment at San Quentin for the period of two years.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS. Three opinions were received from headquarters yesterday for filing in this city by Deputy Clerk Ashmore of the supreme Court. In the case of Miller (appellant) vs. Sears, et al., (respondent) the judgment and order of the trial court were reversed, the Court having erred in granting defendant's motion for a nonsuit. This is an action to recover possession of certain described instruments, consisting of a note, mortgage and two deeds, each assigned by plaintiff, and alleged to have been deposited with defendants.

The judgment and order in the San Diego case of Bo (respondent), vs. Crosby and Van Haven et al. (appellants), are affirmed, the Supreme Court holding that "upon the facts of the case there can be no doubt of plaintiff's right to maintain this action against appellants. The motion filed by appellants to set aside the judgment was denied, and we know of no principle of law which will justify them in their refusal to return it to him upon the statement of facts disclosed by the evidence in this case. The appellants were never legally denied the right to conveyance to plaintiff at all, and he certainly had a right to withdraw his offer to purchase at the time, and was under no obligation to settle any claim for commissions which Crosby and Van Haven might have against appellants, growing out of their part in the transaction."

The judgment in the case of S. G. Blaisdell (respondent) vs. S. A. McDowell (appellant) is also affirmed. This was an action to determine the validity of a certain mortgage of hotel furniture executed by G. W. Butterfield and W. P. Baker to Bryant Howard, who advanced them the sum of \$1500 with which to purchase furniture for the Arlington Hotel at San Diego, taking a mortgage on the same as security.

Court Notes. In Department One yesterday morning Christoba Pina, the Mexican who was recently convicted of having assaulted Dolores Lobo at El Monte, was sentenced by Judge Smith to imprisonment in the County Jail for three months.

Upon motion of the District Attorney an information was filed in Department One yesterday, charging Chew Yick Fon with perjury, and the defendant, after arraignment, was ordered by Judge Smith to appear and plead thereto on Tuesday next.

In Department Two yesterday the trial of the case of A. L. Burbank vs. W. Dennis et al., was concluded, the matter, after argument, being submitted to Judge Clark, and by him taken under advisement.

Judge Clark yesterday granted the petition of G. A. Dobinson for special letters of administration to the estate of S. Callahan, deceased, placing the administrator under bonds in the sum of \$8000.

The trial of the case of Clemente Cruz vs. J. W. Wolfarth et al., a suit to recover \$9000, alleged to be due on a note, was concluded in Department Three yesterday afternoon, the jury after a deliberation of 35 minutes returning a verdict for defendant.

In Department Four yesterday judgment was ordered for plaintiff in the case of the Redondo Beach Company vs. the Chatauqua Assembly Association, in accordance with the stipulations filed therein.

The case of Helen Godfrey vs. R. A. Ling, a suit to foreclose a mortgage for \$9000, came up for hearing in Department Four yesterday, and at the close of the testimony was ordered submitted on briefs.

Judge Van Dyke yesterday ordered judgment for plaintiff in the case of Essey vs. McCarthy, for restitution of the premises, without damages or costs, in accordance with the stipulation filed therein.

The case of W. H. Whittemore against the county of Los Angeles, a suit to recover money for services rendered as extra deputy in the County Assessor's office, was yesterday submitted to Judge Shaw upon the statement of facts agreed to by the parties thereto.

## DAILY EXCURSIONS

TO THE HOTEL del CORONADO

Twenty-One Dollars.

Pays for a round trip ticket, including room and board for one week (with the privilege of the second week for \$16.00 additional) at America's grandest seaside resort.

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO, Where the amount of personal comfort and enjoyment supplied by the management, the well-provided tables and exquisite service is equalled at no other hotel in California, if in the world.

HUNTING, FISHING, BATHING. Game is plentiful. Barracuda and Spanish mackerel are now taking very lively. This is the sportsman's paradise. Well-trained horses, row-boats and yachts always ready. Bathing in large swimming tanks of hot or cold salt water also in the surf. At this delightful spot everything is bright and full of sunshine and happiness, and one never tires watching the beautiful expanse of ocean as it extends far away into the land of mystery and romance.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS From Los Angeles, including railroad, street car, ferry and motor line charges, for sale at SANTA FE TICKET OFFICE, 128 N. Spring, or FIRST DEPTOT. For further particulars apply to T. D. YEOMANS, Agent, 308 W. FIRST ST., Los Angeles.

Patronize Home Production!

Coronado Mineral Water Co.,

For the purpose of bringing this, the purest and best of Mineral Waters into more general use, have decided to reduce the price to such figures that the lovers of this healthy and delightful drink

Can have it delivered at their homes at the following reduced prices:

Quarts, by the case of 24 bottles, \$4.00  
Half-gallons, by the case of 12 bottles, \$2.00  
Pints, by the case of 24 bottles, \$1.00

Kept in Stock and For Sale by SEYMOUR, JOHNSON & CO., ANDERSON & CHAMBLOR and BOVIER, EDWARDS & VANCE, The Leading Grocers.

H. J. WOOLACOTT, KEYSER & CO., CALIFORNIA WINE CO., and FINE MOORE, Wholesale Liquor Dealers, F. W. BARNES & CO., Wholesale Druggists.

T. D. YEOMANS, Agent, 308 West First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

A notice of appeal was filed in the Wong Ark case yesterday, Judge McKinley having signed a certificate of probable cause therein.

Upon motion of the defendant's counsel, the time for the passing of sentence upon Ah Sing, the Chinaman recently convicted of having robbed Dr. Tom She Bin, was deferred until Tuesday next by Judge McKinley, yesterday, in order to allow the defendant time in which to prepare a motion for a new trial.

New Suits. Among the documents filed with the County Clerk yesterday were the preliminary papers in the following new cases:

Robert W. Poindexter et al. vs. M. L. Wick; suit to foreclose a mortgage for \$523.38.

California Loan and Trust Company vs. P. F. Schumacher et al.; suit to foreclose a mortgage for \$800.

J. W. Whitaker et al. vs. W. W. Howard et al.; suit to recover the sum of \$806.20, alleged to be due for goods sold and delivered.

W. G. Bayle vs. F. H. Barclay, et al.; suit to foreclose a mortgage for \$2800.

Thomas Morehouse vs. Charles Off et al.; suit to recover the sum of \$322.14, alleged to be due on a promissory note.

Daniel T. and Annie Callaghan filed a petition for special letters of administration to the estate of Sherwood Callaghan, who died at London on September 14, leaving real and personal property here valued at \$155,000.

Public Administrator Field filed a petition for the admission to probate of the will of Louis Meuret, deceased, who died at the French hospital on the 7th inst., leaving real and personal property valued at \$1400.

Mrs. Mattie Baker filed a petition for letters of administration to the estate of Fred Baker, deceased, who died on September 1, leaving real and personal property valued at \$1400.

THE CABLE ROAD.

The Plan of Reorganization Agreed Upon by the Stockholders.

A Million and a Half Dollars of Additional Capital to be Put Into the Company—Improvements to be Made.

A letter received yesterday afternoon by Receiver Crank of the cable road, says that the proposed plan of reorganization of the company has been agreed to by all the parties in interest. The holders of the second-mortgage bonds, the creditors and the stockholders have all signed an agreement, by which the indebtedness of the corporation will be provided for, and \$1,300,000 new capital put into the company, for the improvement of the cable plant and the "electrifying" of the horse lines.

The company will at once be reorganized under the laws of California, when the work of carrying out the proposed improvements will be proceeded with. The effect of this action will be to knock out the suit recently instituted by the Attorney-General, and will put the company on a solid basis. Contrary to expectations in certain quarters, the action of the Attorney-General, in place of demoralizing the eastern stockholders, had the effect of solidifying and uniting them, and they are determined to stand together in preserving and improving their property. It is safe to say that the cable road is "out of the woods," as the stockholders say they are prepared to sink \$1,500,000 if necessary to put the company on a solid financial footing, which is more than ample for all emergencies.

New Buildings. Thirteen permits were issued by the Inspector of Buildings during the past week, four of which were \$1000 and over, as follows:

Geoy Yang Lung et al., Ferguson alley.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Teeth Extracted Free

FROM 9 TO 9 A. M.

Bridge Work a Specialty.

Gold or porcelain crowns, \$5.

Sets of Teeth, upper and lower, \$14.

Set of Teeth, upper or lower, \$7.

## Teeth Extracted Free

FROM 9 TO 9 A. M.

Bridge Work a Specialty.

Gold or porcelain crowns, \$5.

Sets of Teeth, upper and lower, \$14.

Set of Teeth, upper or lower, \$7.

Teeth filled with gold, \$1 and up.

Teeth filled with gold alloy, 75c and up.

Teeth filled with silver, 50c and up.

Teeth filled with amalgam, 50c and up.

Teeth filled with cement, 50c.

Teeth cleaned, 50c and up.

Teeth extracted without pain by use of gas, \$1.

All Work Warranted.

DR. C. H. PARKER,

COR. BROADWAY AND THIRD STS.

(Entrance on Third St.)

SUNNY SLOPE

TO THE FRONT.

This beautiful tract of land needs no introduction to the residents of Southern California. Every one who knows of Los Angeles county, also knows of the L. J. Rose's Sunny Slope Ranch and W. N. Rose's productions of which have a national reputation.

This tract has been put on the market at the earnest solicitation of some of the oldest residents who well know the value of it for all kinds of fruit, and the fine surroundings which make the tract a veritable paradise for villa homes. There are three lines of railroad running frequent trains connecting this place with Los Angeles, Santa Fe on the north, the Monrovia Rapid Transit extending through the center, and the Southern Pacific on the south. A portion of these lands are covered by the ocean, and the first one hundred acres to be offered lies south of and adjoining Lamanda Park, being just south of Colorado street, and within 1000 feet of the railroad passenger depot, and will be sold in tracts of five, ten and twenty acres to suit purchasers, at low prices on five years' time, 7 1/2 per cent interest and a reduction for all cash.

WOOD & CHURCH, 327 W. FIRST ST., Between Spring and Broadway, Los Angeles, and 12 East Colorado street, Pasadena, have the exclusive agency of these lands, and will take pleasure in showing the tract and giving prices and all information desired. Teams at our Pasadena office at the disposal of intending purchasers. Los Angeles patrons can go direct to the tract by rail.

LOOK HERE!

\$900

Buy a Beautiful Home

One and one-half blocks from the famous Westlake Park, and the same distance from new electric road and Seventh street cable line, only one-half block from Ninth street car line, a good neat 4-room house, nice little barn, lot 25x150 to alley; lot beautifully improved, fruit trees, roses and flowers in abundance.

This is a Great Bargain.

Call at the office, corner Second and Broadway, and we will show the property. Terms: \$500 cash, balance to suit.

Matlock & Reed.

STEEL WATER PIPE.

STEEL BOILERS For Sale.

J. D. HOOKER & CO., Los Angeles.

between Los Angeles and Alameda streets, brick building, \$2500.

J. P. Newmark, Grand avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, frame dwelling, \$10,000.

John A. Newlee, Michigan avenue, between Ficket and Matthews streets, frame dwelling, \$1200.

John Chanslor, repairs to dwelling corner Tenth and Byram streets, \$1000.

A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL.

Sheriff Gibson Presented with a Diamond-mounted Gold Badge.

Last night at 7:30 o'clock the Deputy Sheriffs of this county and several gentlemen of the city and county government met in Sheriff Gibson's office in the new County courthouse, and after a few minutes pleasant conversation the party adjourned to Jerry Illich's restaurant where an elaborate banquet was spread.

Hon. Stephen M. White presided, and after the guests had taken their places at the table Mr. White stated that he was requested by the deputies to present their chief with a handsome gold badge mounted with diamonds. Mr. White's remarks were listened to with close attention, and when the badge was placed on Mr. Gibson's manly bosom he was so overcome that it was almost impossible for him to respond.

The merry-makers then took their seats, and one of the jolliest banquets ever given in this city was soon under full headway.

During the evening speeches were made by County Clerk Ward, Deputy County Clerk Knapp, Hon. T. J. Carran, City Engineer Dockweiler, Hon. E. C. Munday, Deputy Sheriff Billie Hammel, Under Sheriff Moran, Deputy Sheriff Russell, Deputy Sheriff Charles Cruz, Deputy Sheriff Dick Barham, Lester Osborne, Deputy Sheriff McIntire and F. J. Palomares, and Mr. White delivered the closing address.

The party broke up shortly before midnight in a most happy frame of mind.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



WE ARE NOW OFFERING

Special Inducements and Extra Values

Bed Blankets,

Bed Comforts,

White Bed-spreads

and Lace Curtains,

For those about to furnish a house or wishing to get the best possible values for their money.

Inspection solicited.

We take pleasure in showing our stock.

New electric car line passes our door.

FIXEN & COMPANY,

321 S. Spring st., Los Angeles, Cal.

CARPETS,

FURNITURE

AND UPHOLSTERY

We have just received our new line of Carpets and Rugs, the design and coloring of which are all that can be desired by those who wish to harmonize their floor coverings with the artistic decorations and draperies now in use.

Axminsters, Wiltons, Moquettes, Brussels, Tapestries, Ingrains, beautiful and durable, Velvet Pile Carpets, our own special patterns, moderate in price, in single and double widths. In Furniture we are showing a choice selection of goods for drawing-room, library, chamber, dining-room and hall.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS—This department presents unusual attractions, both in the novelty and beauty of the many fabrics designed for Furniture Coverings, Draperies, Curtains, Portiers, etc.

A cordial invitation is extended to all desiring to inspect the novelties in our various departments.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.,

351-353 NORTH MAIN ST., Opp. Baker Block.

ONLY A FEW DAYS REMAINING

FOR YOU TO BUY

ALESSANDRO LAND

AT \$110 PER ACRE

October 1st the price will be advanced.

If you have any thoughts of changing your location take a drive over

THE ALESSANDRO TRACT

Before deciding. The B. V. I. Co. are selling today by the acre. By and by 'twill be by the front foot. Send for correct map and full particulars, or call on

THEODORE CLARK,

Manager Land Department.

Bear Valley Irrigation Co., Redlands, Cal.

To parties living at a distance, who can not make immediate selection, will say, all orders received on or before October 1st, accompanied by a cash payment of \$5 per acre, will be entered at \$110; selection and balance of first payment to be made within 30 days.

Parties desiring land to sow to grain will please address THEO. CLARK at Redlands, or apply to I. S. T. TAYLOR, engineer in charge, at Company's headquarters, Alessandro station.

Bronze Medal and Diploma awarded by

The Photographers' Association of America

At the Annual Convention held in Buffalo, N. Y., July 14 to 18, 1891.

Also, Diploma for Special Excellence in Photography,

Awarded Boston, August, 1891.

PRIZE PICTURES NOW ON EXHIBITION AT STUDIO—

220 SOUTH SPRING STREET,

OPPOSITE LOS ANGELES THEATER.

OIL WELL SUPPLIES!

Boilers, Engines, Drilling Ropes, Pipe etc

## J. T. SHEWARD,

113-115 North Spring st.

MONDAY MORNING

Bright and early you can buy the choice of 100 dozen real kid gloves, 4-button, for 65 cents per pair; kid gloves will be one of the active departments from now on and Monday the kids will be very active; black kids and colored kids in all sizes, and the price is 65 cents per pair; don't forget 'em.

Another new lot of fur capes in the largest cloak department in the city. A small deposit on any garment, with weekly payments, secures at the commencement of the season the choice of the best line of cloaks and the best fitting cloaks to be had, fur trimmed and astrakhan trimmed; some perfectly plain and others with a small amount of trimming, and fully two thousand different styles to select from. You will waste no time in looking through the largest cloak stock in the city. Fur-trimmed jackets as low as \$6.50, and they fit as well as a \$50 cloak. Employees will not look sour if you tell them you are only looking; it is their disposition and not their good looks we pay them for; they might starve to death otherwise.

Another big lot of dress goods, forty or fifty more styles all-wool Henriettas, 40 inches wide; the article you usually pay \$1 for selling for 65 cents; 40 different shades, including blacks. That's something unusual; samples upon application for comparison.

Hall's Bazaar Forms now on sale. Look out for another big thread sale; it's coming.

The agent for Royal Worcester Corsets is in the city. He says they are the best corsets made and we think so too. Try a pair and if you don't think so you may return them and the money will be refunded.

Now on Sale!

FINE SCHOOL HATS,

95c WORTH \$1.50

THE WONDER,

MILLINERY, 219 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

Unquestionably the Most Elegant Resort on the Coast.

HOUSE supplied with every convenience known to modern hotels. Beautiful ballroom. Passenger elevators. Incandescent lights in every room.

HOT AND COLD SALT BATHS.

Pavilion on beach (a la carte) where will be served at all times the finest fish dinners, clam chowder, terrapin stews, etc. The cuisine will be the feature of the house.

CHINO!

Has the largest Beet Sugar Factory and Refinery in the world, and the United States Experiment Station is located here.

This celebrated ranch is the property of Mr. Richard Gird, and contains about 50,000 acres; 16,000 acres of it has been put in the market in tracts to suit, bounded by Pomona, Ontario and Riverside, places noted for fruit culture, beauty, etc.; 10,000 acres of arid water land, which will produce alfalfa, corn, beets, etc., without irrigation. The best artesian water is provided for deciduous fruit and choice orange lands. Excellent well water is abundant at from 8 to 25 feet deep. The land is porous, smooth, unbroken and ready for the plow.

The crops need no housing, sacking or boxing, or holding for market. With right tillage, the yield is large and profits sure. Wherever in Europe or the United States this industry has been established, land has quadrupled in value and the people greatly prospered.

Seed furnished at cost on trust until sale of beets; use of seed drills free; special implements at cost; experienced sugar-beet farmer on the ground to freely give correct instruction.

Buy land where you won't have to wait FIVE LONG YEARS for your trees to commence giving you a support, but go to Chino, where you can get the best lands in the world for all kinds of fruits. Raise beets between the rows and get your cash for them in five months, and you can earn from \$40 to \$160 per acre, and the price of beets is established beforehand and not subject to any market fluctuations. This is the chance of your life. 3000 acres of beets raised this year and a contract with the Messrs. Oxnard Beet Sugar Company to consume 21,500 acres of beets in 5 years, and will double the capacity if you raise the beets. Where on earth are such inducements offered and such returns in same length of time? Prices, \$50 to \$250 per acre; easy terms.

THE TOWN OF CHINO

Is a rapidly-growing business point, situated near the center of the great Chino Ranch; has daily mail, the great Sugar Factory, W.F. Co.'s express, two railways connecting at Ontario with the Southern Pacific main line, telegraphs, telephone, best of water under fire pressure, etc., and is surrounded for miles by the richest land in the world. Lands and lots for sale at reasonable prices, moderate terms. Title, U. S. PATENT. For further information, address

J. G. McMICHAEL,

General Agent, No. 103 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

RALPH E. HOTT, 53 Dearborn street, Room No. 29, Chicago, Ill.

W. K. GIRD, Chino Office, Ontario, Cal.

S. W. HOLMES, Chino, Cal.











## RAILROAD AFFAIRS.

President Allen Manvel Talks of Santa Fe Business.

Poor Prospects for Construction of More Lines.

Another Gould Rumor with Very Little Foundation.

Southern Pacific and Its Chinese Passengers—The Young Railroad to Mexico Mormondom—Gen. and Local.

President Manvel of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road arrived in San Francisco yesterday, where he will remain till Monday, and then, with General Passenger Agent Bissell, will come to Los Angeles. Mr. Manvel, after visiting San Diego and other points on the lines, will go east over the Santa Fe and Mexican lines. "My visit has no significance whatever," he said to a correspondent. "I try to make the trip twice a year over the system, not only to consider the business outlook, but to examine the physical condition of the system. This is my present purpose. The general condition of the Santa Fe's business is fairly good, although not what we might wish. Our California business is good, but we could do more if we could get it to do. Our Southern California branches are in a growing country, and we consider them good property, although business during the year has not been all we could wish. Floods and rains have troubled us and made heavy losses. We have been putting lines in the best possible shape to prevent damage by floods. I speak of Southern California especially, because lines there are directly tributary to our main system. There is no construction whatever being done by the Santa Fe at present at any point. It is not a good time for building roads, as the condition of the money market makes it difficult to dispose of bonds."

Mr. Manvel, manager of the Phillips excursion agency, left last evening for San Francisco.

Jay W. Adams, of the Chicago and Alton, has returned from a business sojourn down about San Diego.

The Southern Pacific train from Santa Ana was delayed about two hours yesterday by the derailment of the engine at the Tustin turn-table.

Mrs. Longdorf and son, connected with the general passenger department of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road in Chicago, are visiting this city.

Twelve Chinamen in transit from Havana to Hong Kong, in bond, came in last evening and were dispatched to San Francisco. The Southern Pacific employees watch them closely, as it costs the company \$1000 apiece for every one allowed to escape.

A dispatch from Chicago last evening said: "It is rumored here today that Gould will ultimately secure control of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. This appears to be based largely on the fact that Gould and Clarke inspected the road on his return from his western trip."

During last month the Atchison office in Boston is said to have received \$1,250,000 from the lines centering in Topeka, and in October it is expected that \$1,800,000 will be received. During the past week the company has it is understood, paid out \$800,000 on its Colorado Midland purchase.

The building of the proposed road from Denning, N. M., to Sonora, Mex., by John W. Young of Salt Lake City, has received a fresh impetus and the work will be pushed at once. The Mexican line. Mr. Young is reported to have succeeded in raising \$600,000 in England, and has secured pledges for the sale of bonds which will enable the whole 200 miles of roadway to be completed within two years. The road will be standard gauge with seventy-pound steel rails.

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE. Eloquent Lecture at the Los Angeles Theater Last Evening.

Rev. Minot Judson Savage of Boston spoke to a large audience in the Los Angeles Theater last evening. He chose for his theme the poetic figure used by Victor Hugo in his greatest book, when he referred to the battle of Waterloo not as a battle but as a "change of front." The world is passing through a great change theologically.

"I used to think God a definitely outlined being," said Mr. Savage, "but we hear no longer any rational talk about God and nature; we must think of God as in and through nature—the life, the soul of it. Where am I? Am I located within the sphere of my body? Am I not omnipresent in my body as truly as God is omnipresent in the universe? The universe is His body. The foundation of any rational religion must be, not the fall but the ascent of man, and this means that the corner stone of every theological creed in the universe is crumbling. The new conception which is forced on the world means human salvation, not arbitrary selection. The law of cause and effect rules in all worlds. We make ourselves and any law broken will have its revenge; any law kept, will pour out its reward at our feet, and not prayers, or tears, or holy oil or edict of priest ever undid one single fact. Unitarianism teaches that every thought, word, act of life plays its part in creating the character which writes its record on immortality. Some think that religion is going to pass away as a result of this change of front in the universe. As well might a ship captain think to outlast the horizon, or a bird to outfly the atmosphere which acts as a leverage to its wings."

Dr. Savage leaves this morning for San Diego. He has held the pulpit of the Church of the Unity in Boston for the past sixteen years. His sermons are published every week in pamphlet form, and are sent out to Unitarians and personal admirers all over the civilized world. He has written a book of poems, a novel, and has published twenty-four volumes in all, many of them of a religious character. Mr. Savage enjoys the distinction of being the only clergyman who is a regular member of the Boston Press Club. He writes frequently for the dailies, much of his work being in the editorial line. He was a personal acquaintance of James Russell Lowell, and is a warm friend of Herbert Spencer.

A lively fight took place yesterday afternoon in front of the Seventh street power house between Charles Story, one of the engineers at the Chino sugar factory and one of the power house engineers.

Story visited the power house and asked for the engineer who came out in a few minutes and Story grabbed a chair

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

### ABSOLUTELY PURE

and struck at him. The chair flew out of his hands and the two men went at it with their fists. Both men were badly bruised up before they could be separated and the chances are that the cable man will be laid up for several days.

Story was arrested by Officer Johnson and taken to the police station where he was booked for fighting. He was released on depositing \$20 bail.

Medical Alumni Meeting. The Medical Alumni Association of the University of Southern California met last evening at the office of Dr. H. Bert Ellis in the Schumacher Block, with the President, Dr. E. L. Puett, in the chair.

New members elected were: Drs. Alice M. Givens, Claire W. Murphy, George S. Murphy and Albert B. Powell. After the regular routine of business was carried out, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. George W. Campbell; vice-president, Dr. Claire W. Murphy; secretary, Dr. E. B. Bradley; treasurer, Dr. W. V. Whitmore; executive committee is composed of President Dr. George W. Campbell, Drs. E. L. Puett, C. P. Bagg and Claire W. Murphy.

An interesting article was read by Dr. W. W. Beckett and discussed by the society, after which the meeting adjourned, to spend a very enjoyable evening socially.

THROOP UNIVERSITY. Articles of Incorporation Filed with the County Clerk.

Articles of incorporation were filed with the County Clerk yesterday by the Throop University of Pasadena, formed for the purpose of establishing, maintaining and operating "an institution of learning, embracing the different departments, or colleges, of higher education, including those of the various professions, and to provide for all who wish an inexpensive, but liberal, thorough and practical education." Its board of trustees consists of A. G. Throop, P. M. Green, J. W. Scoville, E. L. Conger, Jeanne C. Carr, Louise W. T. Conger, J. D. Yocum, E. E. Spalding, W. E. Arthur and C. F. Holder, all of Pasadena; Enoch Knight of this city; C. H. Keyes and G. H. Deere of Riverside; W. L. Hardison of Santa Paula and J. H. Tuttle of Minneapolis.

This board of trustees shall, as soon as organized, so classify themselves that three of their number shall go out of office every year; but thereafter they shall hold office for five years, and at least nine shall belong to some Universalist parish in this State. The name of the only person who has yet subscribed money or property to assist in founding said university is A. G. Throop, who has subscribed \$200,000.

The incorporators are H. H. Markham, T. P. Lukens, H. W. Magee, E. F. Hurlbut, J. C. Michener, T. S. C. Lowe, W. U. Masters, P. M. Green, J. S. Hodges, F. C. Howes, G. H. Bonebrake, M. D. Painter, D. Arnold, A. G. Throop and L. A. Sheldon.

THE CHAUTAUQUANS! Their Work Commences October 1st—What They Will Do the Coming Year.

The interest in the Chautauqua course of study has been growing throughout the United States, and there are now hundreds of thousands of readers in the country. In Southern California there are several hundred Chautauquans, and each year shows a marked increase in their number. In this city several clubs are already organized. The following is the list of text books for this year:

1. Leading Facts in American History ..... \$1.00  
2. Social Institutions of the United States—Byce ..... 1.00  
3. The Constitution of the United States—Wilkinson ..... 1.00  
4. Initial Studies in American Letters—Baker ..... 1.00  
5. Stories of the Constitution of the United States ..... 1.00  
6. Two Old Faiths—Mitchell & Muir ..... .40

Total for the six volumes ..... \$5.00  
Subscriptions received for the Chautauqua, \$2.00.

Headquarters for Chautauqua for Southern California is at the bookstore of Edward T. Cook, 140 NORTH SPRING ST.

We have recently received an immense stock of the textbooks for 1891-92 and we urge readers to supply themselves early in the season, as it often saves inconvenience and delay to the purchaser. We are distinctly a religious book house, and are

Headquarters for Bibles. We carry the largest and most complete stock of Oxford Teachers' Bibles, Bagster Teachers' Bibles, Holman's Family Bible, and all the best English makes of Reference Bibles and Testaments.

REMEMBER THE PLACE. Edward T. Cook, 140 N. Spring W. Chamberlain & Co.,—DEALERS IN—

Fine Groceries 213 Broadway, Potomac Bldg. TELEPHONE 441.

RARE CHINA. At the request of many citizens we have concluded to continue the exhibition of these special China Sets just received from Haviland & Co., Limoges, ONE WEEK LONGER.

These goods were ordered by special order on designs submitted by Haviland & Co., for some of our patrons, and for shape, design and coloring surpass all previous efforts of former years, being the latest designs for the year 1891.

THESE SETS CONSIST OF: Dinner Sets, Game Sets, Meat Sets, Fish Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Berry Sets, Asparagus Sets, Salad Sets, Coffee Sets, Chocolate Sets, Celery Trays, Sandwich Plates, Oyster Plates, Olive Plates.

We always have enjoyed the reputation of being the first ones in bringing out new, attractive and startling lines of novelties, and we can safely say that our this year's assortment cannot be equaled on this coast.

NOTE—An invitation is extended to all to visit our decorated china display at our Art Rooms for one week.

MEYBERG BROS., CRYSTAL PALACE, 136, 138, 140 B. MAIN ST.

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MEYBERG BROS., CRYSTAL PALACE, 136, 138, 140 B. MAIN ST.

\$2.00.

Ladies' Dongola Button Shoes.

BEAUTIES, EVERY PAIR.

Patent Leather Oxford Ties, Only \$2.00.

FORTUNE KNOCKS ONCE At Everyone's Door!

LADIES, we don't want you to be out when Dame Fortune knocks at your door and tells you to be quick and secure a pair of those elegant \$5.00 French Kid Shoes we are now sacrificing. Get a pair and enjoy the good fortune of getting an \$8.00 hand-made French Kid Shoe for \$5.00.

See what Mrs. "Blank" says:



"How lovely! And you only paid \$5.00 for them at Lewis."

\$2.75.

Ladies' Flexible Sole Dongola KID BOOTS, WORTH \$4.00.

LEWIS, Originator of Low Prices, 201 N. SPRING ST.

\$1.50.

Ladies' Oxford Ties, NEAT, NEW AND NICE, WORTH \$2.50.

Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, Only \$1.50 a pair

\$4.00.

Men's Hand-sewed French CALF SHOES, WORTH \$6.00.

## OUR GREAT WEEKLY!

A STRIKING NEW DEPARTURE!

On the 5th day of September, 1891, appeared the

Los Angeles Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.

Embracing and continuing all the most attractive and valuable features of the old WEEKLY MIRROR, together with the choicest contents of the DAILY TIMES, the renewed and reconstructed issue will be found better than ever before.

Another radical change: Annual Subscription Price Reduced from \$2 to \$1.30, Being only 2½ cents per copy, by the year.

As the paper is still a 12-page sheet, its patrons will thus receive, for the small sum of \$1.30, the large quantity of 624 pages or 3,744 columns of reading matter in twelve months!

The SATURDAY TIMES AND WEEKLY MIRROR is handsomely printed, and will henceforth be more than ever devoted to the interests of Los Angeles and Southern California. It is THE paper for patrons of the DAILY TIMES to send to their friends abroad regularly. The cost is a mere bagatelle, and no present could be more acceptable. Fifty-two copies sent to your distant friend will be worth five hundred letters.

For every full year's cash subscription (\$1.30) a handsome premium will be sent with the paper.

Rates for 6 months - - - - - 75 cents  
Rates for 3 months - - - - - 40 cents  
HEREAFTER the printing and mailing day will be SATURDAY, and Southern California subscribers will usually receive their papers on the following day. SUBSCRIBE NOW. Address

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY. Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

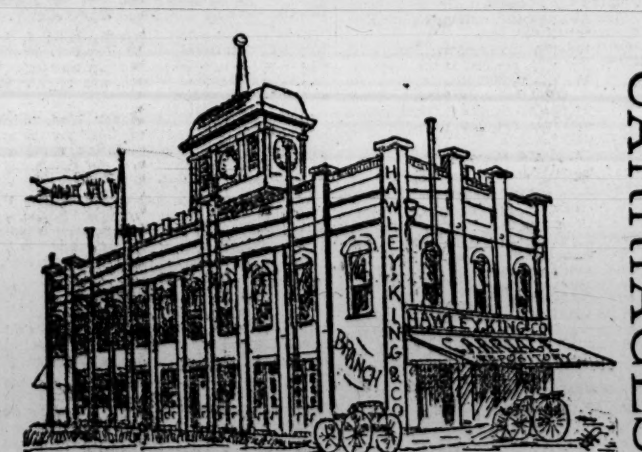
A. J. WARNER & CO.,

108 N. SPRING ST. ROOM 1. UNDER O. O. F. HALL. MERCHANT TAILORS.

Are now prepared to accommodate you in all that belongs to a first-class Tailoring establishment. A fine stock of stylish Fall Goods just received.

Goods, Trimming and Making First-class.

HAWLEY, KING & CO.,



THIS OLD LANDMARK

Is now occupied by us as a Branch Carriage Repository. Call and inspect our vehicles—good styles, good quality and reasonable prices. We are sole agents for the Columbus Buggy Co. in Los Angeles. HAWLEY, KING & CO.

CARRIAGES

Lectures on Scandinavia, an amusement column, and a pastor instructed his knees that

The regular Sunday night concert at Westlake Park takes place tonight. Douglas' military band furnishing the music. Justice Owens presided and in one hour several fine specimens of stone hatchets and hammers from a friend in the Mogul country.

Rev. R. S. Canine at the First Methodist Episcopal Church at 11 o'clock, and at 8:30 p.m. This will be Dr. Canine's last Sunday in First Church.

There will be a praise service this evening at the First Congregational Church. At these services some very excellent music is rendered by the choir.

Lewis Case, the youthful fire-bug, had his preliminary examination before Justice Owens yesterday, and was held to answer before the Superior Court in \$3000 bonds.

The list of members of the Chamber of Commerce, just published, shows a very gratifying increase and in it is one several almost a complete business directory of the city.

Tomorrow, under orders of the Council, all police officers are instructed to keep that property-owners trim their pepper trees, especially those on the sidewalk in front of their property.

The appraisers appointed by Judge Ross for the steamer Itata and cargo, accompanied by the attorneys for both the Government and the defendants, will leave for San Diego this morning.

Officers Bosqui, Auble and Benson raided a tan game in Chinatown and captured the layout and eight players, including the dealer. Five of the layout gave \$1000, and the others were locked up in the city prison.

Rev. A. C. Smith of Temple-street Christian Church will preach at 11 a.m. today on "Walking Worthily of Christ." The evening sermon is an introductory one in a series on "Representative Women of the Bible."

Capt. L. G. Loomis, superintendent of Evergreen Cemetery, last evening lost his infant son, Earl Lestwell, aged seven months. The many friends of Capt. Loomis and his wife sympathize with him in his bereavement.

The funeral of William Heaver, the veteran Mason, who died at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Worthington, Thursday night, will take place at 12:30 this afternoon, from Masonic Temple, corner of Spring and First streets.

Emil Miller has recently received news that by the death of his mother in Batavia he comes into possession of his share of his father's estate. Mr. Miller held the position of night clerk at the radeau last winter and will be remembered by quite a number of people.

A young man named N. Phillips, who is a son of the lady who keeps the Cable grocery, was arrested by Officer Williams last night and locked up for disturbing the peace. He quarreled with his mother and threw a chair at her. The chair missed his mark and smashed a window.

The second annual session of the Southern California Beekeepers' Association will be held in W. C. T. U. hall, this city, Wednesday, October 21, at 9 a.m. Several important matters will be considered, among them the part to be taken by the beekeepers at the World's Fair.

The Board of Managers of the Orphans' Home return thanks to the many kind friends who during the past summer have so bountifully supplied the children under their charge, and wish to remind them, and the public generally, that such donations are always in order and will be properly appreciated.

Joseph R. W. Hand, aged 92 years, a veteran of the war of 1813, yesterday lost a pension check for \$100. It was the means of the old man had, and the Supervisors were compelled to furnish him money for his immediate necessities. The finder will confer a favor by returning the check to the office of the Supervisors.

There came near being a serious accident on the Santa Ana branch of the Southern Pacific Company last morning. The local train had just pulled out of Tustin when the engine jumped the track. The engineer and fireman escaped injury, as did all the passengers, but all were shaken more or less. The train was delayed several hours.

Crawford Malkin, a private watchman, was yesterday arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, on complaint of Mrs. Fulmer of No. 1018 Alhambra avenue. It appears that another man had supplanted Malkin in the affections of Mrs. Fulmer, which caused a row, and resulted not only in Malkin getting a thrashing, but also in his arrest.

This being the last Sabbath of the conference year in all the Methodist churches in Southern California, Rev. Will A. Knigh-ton, the pastor of Simpson Church, will read his annual report of the work of Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church during the past year. Among the work is the successful attempt in liquidating the \$20,000 debt of the church, and receiving into the church nearly 200 members.

Rather a singular accident occurred on Main street opposite the Hoffman Hotel yesterday evening. An old man named S. R. Meeks was slowly walking along the sidewalk when his foot slipped and he fell violently to the ground. He was picked up in an unconscious condition and carried to the receiving hospital when his injuries were looked after by Dr. Ryant. His head and face were badly injured but the chances are he will be out in a few days.

NEWS AND BUSINESS. The Weather. U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, SEPT. 19, 1891.—AT 5:37 a.m. the barometer registered 29.80; at 5:57 p.m. 29.66. Thermometer for corresponding hours showed 61° and 68°. Mean 64°. Temperature, 78°-79°-minimum temperature 75°. Partly cloudy, indications.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19.—Forecast till 8 p.m. Sunday, Sept. 20: Partly cloudy, with generally cloudy and foggy weather, with scattering light rains.

Praise service at the First Congregational, corner Sixth and Hill streets this evening. Best English Portland Cement, \$3.00 per barrel; discount for cash. Special prices on carload lots. Los Angeles Lumber Co.

The grand opening of French Pattern Hats at Madame Gethel's, 121 South Spring st., commences Sunday, September 21.

Miss M. A. Jordan, 318 South Spring street, has just returned from New York, where she purchased a handsome stock of latest novelties for ladies' headwear. Announcement of grand opening will appear later.

There are undelivered telegrams at the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company for Charles Hauser, W. E. Curtis, William Pitts, Charles S. Patten, Rogers Produce Company, Wash. Welch, W. H. Hart.

Mrs. J. M. Erdman, having just returned from the East, will have her fall opening of millinery and French novelties on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 21, 22 and 23 at 419 S. Spring street, where she will be pleased to see her old friends as well as new ones.

Note and mortgage lost for \$2250, executed by Jabez H. Fountain, James H. Fountain and W. C. Fitzsimmons to Harriet Pudick, dated December 4, 1889, and assigned to William Gerhardt. All persons are hereby warned against negotiating said note as payment has been stopped. Any information in regard to the note may be addressed to William Gerhardt at office of Anthony Schwamm, 209 N. Spring St., Los Angeles.

Boston annexed to Los Angeles by a continuous rail and through line of tourist sleeping cars by the Santa Fe road, commencing Thursday, September 17, 1891. Positively through without change. Los Angeles to the Hub. Santa Fe excursion sleeping car in charge. Call at Santa Fe ticket office, 129 North Spring street, for tickets, sleeping car tickets and all information. Weekly excursions at lowest rates.

The Parisian Cloak and Suit Co., 217 South Spring street, announces the receipt of large invoices of new goods, including all the novelties both imported and domestic, and invite an early inspection by buyers who are critical as to styles as well as to prices. The reputation of the house insures correctness as to style and good value, while the variety to choose from is always greater than can be found elsewhere. The fall line is now complete.



TENTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1891.

PRICE: 1 SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

## COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON.

## Some Peculiar Phases of His Remarkable Character.

## His Broad-gauge Methods of Railway Management.

## Some Illustrations of the Softer Side of His Nature.

## Unsuccessful Search for a Man to Manage His Charitable Work—How He Does It Himself—Hurt by His "Special."

Mr. C. P. Huntington has given the public a view of his literary ability by the publication of "a plea for railway consolidation," in the North American Review. For many years he has been known as an expert letter-writer, and long ago it was developed that even his most confidential letters were written for the public; in other words he was always speaking to the galleries. Little as it has been known, Mr. Huntington is a man who does not believe that there are any secrets. Not that he blazes his business before the public, but that all of his actions are governed by the idea that sooner or later they will be known to the world. But when he makes an argument in favor of any project, he deals with the subject just as he talks in making a trade—presents all of the good points on the side for which he is contending, leaving the bad ones to be discovered by his opponents. He seldom tells too much on the side he favors, and when he finds talk a necessity, always has a story with which to embellish his idea, leaving his hearers to make the application.

Viewed from every possible point of observation, it is safe to say of Mr. Huntington, that he is the most remarkable character which the last half of this century has produced in this country. The old adage "that the rich despise those that do not flatter at all," does not apply to him. The flatterer of any degree at once arouses his suspicion, and he asks himself, "What does this person want?" He is purely a practical man of business, and no man gains favor with him by merely endorsing his ideas, or by telling him what a great man he is. And it is remarkable how quickly he can abandon his own ideas for those which appeal to his experience as being better than those which he had advocated. In this respect he is like unto a sponge. When he comes in contact with a man whose abilities he respects, he has the faculty of provoking an argument, and in a short time he has the best thoughts of his adversary.

His greatest weakness seems to be his desire to be known only as a successful man of business. And this weakness hides from the public all of the softer and better qualities of his nature. He seems to want to be known as an unswerving, persistent and unflinching character, no matter what may be the subject in hand, and yet he is—as all men are who have a weakness—exactly the opposite.

As a builder of railways he seems to have always been governed by the same practical idea: "How much debt can this property carry, and live?" He does not build railways with the sole object of wrecking them by overcharges in construction, as is the general rule, but he constructs the largest possible profit consistent with the future life of the property, because he knows that if a living margin is left between the debts of construction and the revenues of the property, in time the stock will have a value five or six times greater than any wrecking profit in building would give him. He has not always found the happy medium in this direction, but the percentage of his mistakes has been so small that his judgment has been regarded as wonderful indeed. And this principle is the one he applies in the operation of his properties. He charges all that the traffic will bear. But in doing this he certainly causes the exercise of very fine discrimination, for it is what is admitted by all candid observers that his properties on the Pacific Coast have built up—though slowly, almost every substantial industry by which the public are benefited. Competition and the consequent reduction in rates have, with his properties, kept pace with the increase of business has been enormous, but the decrease in rates has kept the net revenues at about the same figure, until now the danger point seems to have been passed and the investment of 75 cents will earn an interest upon \$1.

But the business side of Mr. Huntington's character is not the one of which I would write. I prefer the softer side of his nature, which he tries to hide under the mistaken belief that no successful general in war or commerce should be known as having any gentle qualities. Over a year ago I went into his office in New York and found him busy with mail which had accumulated during an absence of two weeks. Before him was a batch of letters marked personal, which he seemed to be reading with great care. As soon as I was seated he said:

"I wish I could get a first-class man to take charge of that little charity business I have, as that would relieve me of my most difficult, and to myself, most unsatisfactory work. I mean unsatisfactory because I am never quite certain that I do it just what should be done. I find myself influenced by impulse rather than judgment."

"I think I could fill such an office satisfactorily," I said, "if the salary is not too small."

"Very well, let me give you a trial. What would you do in that case?" and he handed me a letter.

I read the letter, which, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18, 1890.

My dear Huntington: When I saw you here the other day I told you that I would need \$300 at once, and you asked me to write you at New York. I comply with your request, and hope you will send me draft at once. Yours, etc.,

"But I know nothing of the facts in this case," I said.

"I will tell them to you. The writer is nearly 90 years of age; was a member of Congress, United States Senator and foreign minister before the war, and a Senator in the Confederacy, and also a general, I think, in the southern army. For some years I have been allowing him \$500 per month,

but at times he gets extravagant and spends his allowance before it is due. Lately he has been doing this frequently, and I am troubled about finding some way of holding him in check."

"Why not send him the \$300 and notify him that you will not again pay him out if he gets behind," I suggested. "That would do no good. I will send him only \$150 with no explanation except that it is in answer to his letter. He does not know the difference between one dollar and two, and the \$150 will go as far as the \$300 would."

The next letter was dated at New Orleans, and was written by a widow, who informed Mr. Huntington that her husband had been his friend in early days, and that she was left with one daughter, who was an invalid. The mother had sought the mild climate of the South, hoping to restore the daughter to health, had spent all that she had and the daughter had gained nothing. She closed with the request that Mr. Huntington send her \$250, with which she could pay some outstanding bills and take her daughter back to their former home in Connecticut. As Mr. Huntington had read the letter, I asked him if it contained anything untrue.

"I do not doubt them, though I never saw the woman, but I feel certain that my friend would not have married and lived with a woman who would lie to get a little money."

"That shows me how little you study the subject. What could she do with \$250 or \$300? The letter amount would take her to her old home and leave her without a cent. If she had any one there who would or could aid her, she would never have written this letter to me. We will send her \$1000, that will do her some good. Adversity will make her more grateful to us, and we can trust her to make it go as far as possible."

In this way he went through some twenty odd letters, treating each case, as he thought, upon its merits, but every one of them, the sorrowful advice, I was not employed to manage his charity business.

In the fall of 1890 Mr. Huntington returned to New York over the Santa Fe road from Los Angeles to Chicago. He traveled in a special train, consisting of his own private car, and was accompanied by Mrs. Huntington and the staff officers whose healties carries with him. While the train was running at a high rate of speed in Missouri, it came upon a young woman who was walking over a trestle bridge, which was thrown from the track, with her right leg broken between the knee and ankle. The train was stopped, and the victim taken into the car, and in a few minutes she was carried to the nearest station, where the hospital was located. Upon arrival there, the special train was sent back several miles for a well-known surgeon.

During this delay Mr. Huntington and his wife were busy arranging for the care of the young woman. It was learned that she was the breadwinner for several younger children and an invalid mother. Mrs. Huntington took charge of the matter of caring for the helpless, while her husband devoted himself to the work of the hospital. The woman was kind were to be sent him, and no expense was to be spared in any direction. The girl died from the effects of her injuries and the bills were all paid by Mr. Huntington. He then arranged a plan by which the young girl, who was educated in a reasonable way, but which in the end would have cost him about \$10,000. On the day that his agent reached the little Missouri town to settle the matter, the mother, who was the daughter of a local lawyer, instituted suit against the Santa Fe Railway for damages. The fact was wired to Mr. Huntington, who at once directed that the funds sent out be turned over to President Marvel and used, if necessary, in defending the suit, but if legal proceedings were stopped, the original plan should be carried out.

Of this whole affair, beyond the accident, no mention was ever made in the papers, because Mr. Huntington did not wish to give a hundred instances which would illustrate the better side of the character of Mr. Huntington, and all of which would be to his credit. He once said to me: "The rich man should invest his money in productive enterprises to the extent of his property. He should give a man \$1000 he becomes an object of charity. If I give him work by which he can earn \$1000 he retains his manhood and self-respect, and my principal remains undiminished."

The future will no doubt be more generous with the name and character of Huntington than is the age contemporaneous with him. JATIAWKEE.

## FOREIGN NOTABLES.

Walter Besant claims to have seen "ghosts" on several occasions in his life. Ex-Queen Natalie of Serbia will go to Naples this month. According to present plans she will remain in Italy several weeks.

Their Royal Highnesses the Infante Antonio and Infanta Eulalia of Spain have arrived in London, and will stay at the Bristol Hotel. Antonio is the son of the late Duc de Montpensier, and his wife is a daughter of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain.

Queen Victoria for a long time has had a arrangement for her carriage seat to assist her to rise and bow in response to street demonstrations. The springs are held down by a contrivance which is operated by a button placed within convenient reach of the Queen's thumb.

James Payn, the author, has a sort of monomania against the church bells of England, and hates to hear them ring. He has no poetry in his soul for the harmonious rhythm of "a triple bell major" or "grandiose peal" ringing forth from a set of well-attuned bells in the rook-haunted tower of a village church, and in this respect a good many people are with him.

Frau Bismarck is said to be economical even to the extent of parsimony. She is afflicted with a mild form of melancholia and is always imagining that her health is more delicate than it is. She is a white-haired woman of more than 70 years, with prominent cheek bones, a tall figure, and a high-keyed voice. She talks with considerable volubility and has a fund of funny stories and anecdotes.

The Duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the late King of Hanover, is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate. The Austrian and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the House of Orange at The Hague, which includes 2000 silver dinner plates, is valued at \$6,500,000.

Mr. Gird has his cattle yards south of town about completed, and water piped to each. There are forty of these yards, 34x96 feet, in two rows, with a double track of the Ohio Valley Railroad running between them. Each yard is provided with a feed manger and water trough. The entire capacity of the yards is about one thousand head.—Chicago Champion.

## THE SUMMER NOVEL.

## In Its Native Lair—A Thing of Booty and a Jaw Forever.

## Some Lurid Descriptions and Eloquent Extracts.

## "The Boy Wonder of the Yellowstone" and His Pal.

## "Old Sleuth," the "Girl Brigand," and "The Great Annihilator"—A Sensation in Midair—Robert Louis Stevenson Distanced.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.]

What do the people read? Is it like this?

"These words came from a beautiful woman. She stood in exquisite loveliness, her magnificent brown eyes flashing the passion of contempt she felt. Her gorgeous complexion almost deathly in its brilliancy, her tall form drawn up to its full height, displaying her faultless figure beneath the rich folds of a cloak which had partly fallen from her shoulders—like an enraged goddess she stood, her features noble and regular, clouded by anger most bitter."

"Before her, his arms resting on the back of an easy-chair, one foot crossed over the other, a smile upon his handsome face, a cynical curl round the otherwise handsome mouth, his whole manner betraying the tone that he was, stood what the world calls a gentleman."

I cut that from the first page of a novel which you can find in any book-seller's stall. No doubt the people read them, or the publishers would not be found to print. Perhaps you have heard of "Old Sleuth," and you may be interested to learn that his name was Halsey, that he cleared a long time \$15,000 a year by the sale of his penny dreadfuls, and yet no one has seen his name mentioned in the literary articles on the "literary movement," or in the learned debate on "realism and idealism in fiction." He made more money than any American novelist that lived, and in a business sense, he should have credit as the writer of the Great American Novel.

The reading public is not critical. They will swallow anything. If John L. Sullivan were to write a book about his "mudder" he would have as many readers as Robert Louis Stevenson. A larger public knows him than that which follows Stevenson, and, indeed, I find in a literary item published in a Kansas paper a curious and interesting confusion between these gentlemen. It says that Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has gone on a three-months' cruise among the South Sea Islands.

I confess to a sneaking kindness for the literature of felony. There is this in common in the work of Stevenson and that of "Old Sleuth" let us say, that both are instinct with life and action. It is the first condition of such literature that it keeps a move on all the time, and the only advantage that Stevenson has lies in his style. I quote:

"Now is my time for revenge," muttered the villain. "At last, Iron Bone, Ed, you are in my power. You think me safe in Sing Sing, but ha, ha! I am on earth once more. You dead, then once again will Douglas Blanchard be a name to be feared in my power. You out of the way, his wealth and daughter shall be mine. Die, then, like a dog, you infamously scoundrel. At last, Iron Bone, Ed, you are in my power. You think me safe in Sing Sing, but ha, ha! I am on earth once more. You dead, then once again will Douglas Blanchard be a name to be feared in my power. You out of the way, his wealth and daughter shall be mine. Die, then, like a dog, you infamously scoundrel. At last, Iron Bone, Ed, you are in my power. You think me safe in Sing Sing, but ha, ha! I am on earth once more. You dead, then once again will Douglas Blanchard be a name to be feared in my power. You out of the way, his wealth and daughter shall be mine. Die, then, like a dog, you infamously scoundrel. 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Crossing by the San Geronimo Pass, the trail to the San Geronimo Nevada range leaves the San Bernardino, the traveler back the fertile coast valleys; and enters upon what appears to his astonished eyes the parched and death-stricken remains of some ancient world. He can catch through the broad rolling pass, upon his right towered San Geronimo Peak a huge unbroken mass, 10,500 feet in height, the great trees up its rugged sides dwindling to mere shrubs. Upon the left, forming the eye of the canyon, the broad San Bernardino, more broken and irregular in outline, reaches an altitude of 11,500 feet. But leaving now the mountain behind, he descends into what seems the scorched, blasted bed of some old cyclopean furnace, and he asks himself when there were giants in the land." San Geronimo and San Bernardino on this side have lost their pines, and brown, barren and desolate from down upon yet greater desolation. Upon the right, as the traveler enters the Sierras in an undulating line—a forbidding, rugged wall. At the north, a spur from this main chain turns off eastward, and then curving around bears to the south, parallel to the Sierras, making another ridge, the San Gabriel, the divide, and is lost near Fort Yuma. Enclosed by these mountains, open only toward the south, where, 200 miles away, the faces open upon the waters of the Gulf of California, is the Colorado Desert. After a long march, the traveler, after one mile toward the southeast over the broad expanse—no trees, no hills, no water, no life. Only the glare of the never-ending sand, the deceptive mirage and the silence of death. Here and there a cone of sand, hundreds of feet in the heated air and travels slowly on for hours. At times fire blasts of scorching wind rage for days, carrying the fine sand in clouds that obscure the sun and giving to the sky a dull-red color. At times the dreaded sand storms of the desert.

What is the Colorado Desert? In the spring of 1867 I crossed its upper end with troops, on the road to La Paz. I found the sand white with innumerable broken shells, and upon the surface, such as are only found in sheltered arms of the sea. For miles and miles I traced with the eye a strange, well-defined line along the mountain sides, always at the same level. It was as undeviating as the horizon line, and it was a striking thing. Riding out to it, I found it to be the old beach of the sea. The rocks were worn and rounded up to that level, as by the constant washing of water, with coarse coral formations in their crevices, and upon their sides. Above that level the rocks were sharp and jagged. The worn rocks showed that for ages the water had stood at that level. No other beach could be discovered. The water consequently, when it abandoned that level, must have come from some source, and disappeared. The surveying party of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in running the line to Fort Yuma, struck the present sea level the moment their instruments reached this ancient beach. Above that level the land was raised until a depression of 215 feet below the sea was found. The great basin of the desert, the chief engineer, Mr. Phelps estimated to be at least 350 feet below the level of the sea. The whole area of the desert, the land above the sea, is about 8,900 square miles—30 miles in length by 30 miles average width. The inquiry naturally arises, "What point has this desert been connected with the sea, and how has it been severed?"

Surrounded upon every side by mountains, except in one direction, and then opening out upon the head of the Gulf of California, the answer is plain. The desert is a portion of the old gulf, which, then, extended for miles above its present level. Its head was at the mouth of the Colorado. Immediately back of San Bernardino with only the mountains intervening, the cause of the separation of the upper end of that gulf, making what is now the Colorado Desert, is so apparent that the cause of the separation is plain. The same agency is still at work constantly widening the space between the gulf and the desert. Here, nearly 150 miles from the head of the ancient gulf, in from the east side the Colorado River, long and narrow, flows over sand, and the red mud from the great plateaus of northern Arizona, which gives the river its color and its name.

The contour of the country shows that it must have been narrow here. The filling of the desert has been going on, on increasingly, as at the mouth of every great river which enters the sea at a sheltered point. The water grew constantly shallower, until at length the separation was complete. The upper end of the sea, the desert, was then raised, and not having sufficiently drained, keep up its supply, finally dried up, and became a desert basin. The alluvial deposit has steadily increased the distance between the gulf and the low basin of the desert. The desert is now marked by a narrow neck of the desert, forty miles of land but little raised above the sea level.

The length of time which has elapsed since this great change took place is a question of interesting question; it is more to be known by the study of a recent one, and the data exist for at least a comparatively accurate estimate. Among the many shells which whiten the sands of the desert, I found the most common a thin, fragile bivalve, about one and one-half inches in length, and one-half inch in width, the shell scarcely thicker than half a dozen sheets of ordinary note paper, closely pressed. These shells are drifted about by the restless winds, blown upon the ragged sand-dunes, and worn by the constant attrition of the sharp grains—and yet they may be gathered in great numbers, unbroken, perfect in outline, only scratched and scored, and evidently very rapidly deposited. It is not possible to see how they withstand this constant wear, possibly more than a few centuries, probably not more than two or three. The rate of formation of the alluvial deposit at the mouth of the Colorado River is rapid, and it would seem, though the data here are not sufficient for accurate computation. That it is now very rapid, the mud-laden currents of the river and the rolling quicksands of its bed sufficiently testify. That it has been rapid, is not only plain in the past, one thing would seem to be certain. The proof may be taken from what is worth.

In the possession of Gen. Stenogram of the U. S. Army, is a map which he has made of the Colorado River, and shows the results of the early explorations of the Spanish navigators at the head of the Gulf of California. The accuracy of the map is sufficient to entitle it to some credence, one feature of it is particularly noteworthy. It shows the shore of the gulf up to the mouth of the river is clearly and sharply defined, as at present found, the western shore left in doubt. This shows a regard to exactness hard to be reconciled with the tradition that the whole map is a patient guesswork. In that map the Colorado River is laid down as entering the head of the gulf, while now it enters

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the springs and streams of water. It is not probable that western Arizona, the Mojave Desert, and the mountains surrounding the Colorado Desert, were ever sufficiently well watered for a general system of agriculture, but it is probable that some of the gullies now exist to supply forests, where none now exist, to feed innumerable streams for irrigation where now the channels are dry, except after an occasional storm, and to support an annual growth of grass for grazing where now are barren wastes.

Could the Colorado Desert be again filled with water? It is an interesting question. From the Gulf of California it is probably an impossibility. The gradual silting of the Gulf, by the drift at the mouth of the river, and the drift of sand by the wind, have interposed a barrier too extensive to be easily removed. By turning the Colorado river into the same waterway, it might be accomplished. The project has for years been discussed, of taking enough water from the river to irrigate a stretch of fertile land, alluvial deposit, found at the southern end of the desert; but the idea of diverting the Colorado River into the desert and forming a large fresh water lake, seems never to have been broached. Nature, undisturbed, is now attempting this. The drift of sand, through the prevailing wind, is gradually filling the desert toward the east. This drift has kept the river walled in upon the east side of the valley, and has apparently constantly forced it farther in that direction. The river, however, is not so much affected by the sand as the gullies at work filling up its bed and rising higher above the level of the desert, which a few miles away forms an inclined plane with a rapid descent from the river.

Within the last twenty years the water, owing no doubt to the fact that the rise in the bed of the river is becoming more rapid than the rise of the western bank, has commenced during the rainy season to overflow, over the brim and run back into the desert. The larger portion of the overflow leaves the main river, it is supposed, about forty miles above its mouth. At first it has no definite channel, but after a few miles it slowly carves out a new one. In the summer of 1868 I crossed this stream some sixty miles from the point where it leaves the Colorado. There was there a stream 100 yards wide, with a depth that would average four feet, and would carry a large volume of water. It was said to be yearly growing larger. If left to itself, probably a large portion of the flood of the Colorado would eventually be diverted from the gulf to the desert. The descent of the river is not so rapid as the course of the river to its mouth. The reason why the diversion is not more rapid is, no doubt, the fact before given, that "New River," as the stream is called, has no definite channel, but is constantly leaving the main river, no definite channel. If a channel were cleared out for that short distance, the current would soon enlarge it and make it permanent. The difference between high water and low water is not so great as is not more than fifteen feet. The fact that this small rise is sufficient to turn its waters into the desert, shows how slight would be the difficulty in diverting the current permanently.

It is not probable that the Colorado River, as it is now, will ever grow into a long before, and continues long after the high water mark has been reached. The evaporation from the surface of the lake thus made, would be so great, that the Colorado would hardly refill the basin; yet even now at the flood season a shallow lake is formed many miles extent, but quickly dries up.

The climatic effect of thus evaporating water from the surface of the gulf with water, becomes an interesting problem. The Colorado Desert is now a serious disturbing element in the climate of Southern California. It is a huge furnace from which withering winds blow over the desert and the territories around. One personal experience will show the intensity of the heat. When accompanying troops from Wilmington, Cal., to Northern Arizona, in the spring of 1867, we were overtaken by a storm on March 1, in traveling a distance of seven miles across the upper end of the desert. These occasional, hot winds are but the smallest of the evils which this gives birth. Any one who has been in the Colorado Desert, and San Bernardino Valleys can have failed to notice and excrete a baffling west wind that so often breaks up the storm current from which the blinding rain is borned. On these sets of winds, for several days the clouds gather loweringly upon the mountains and the parched earth waits for the cooling shower. But suddenly the storm drift ceases, and the west wind rises, and the clouds, driven back, carrying with them the precious moisture through the mountains passes to the interior. This especially is the case in the month of March, full strength of the sea breeze, and repeatedly that the plaintive remark often heard, "If only our rain current will continue until the turn of the evening, we shall escape the violence of another day's rain." What is the cause of this interruption? Simply that back of those mountains is the desert. All day it is beating up with the wind. When afternoon comes it is probably dead, and the wind is blowing from the west. Then the cold sea air rushes through every break in the mountain chain to take the place of this rare atmosphere, forcing back with it clouds of rain, which are quickly afloat, and the scorching bath of the winds. So constant and powerful is this wind current that the trees in San Geronimo Pass are all blown to the perpendicular and slant to the east.

The constant warring of winds is again in the months of July and August. Los Angeles, San Bernardino and Diego counties are really within the grasp of the Sonora summer rains. As it comes the southeast wind, but more or less, it is a steady, and a low, and lower, lower upon the course of the mountains and from there passes over western Arizona, and the clouds gather upon the main peaks. Light showers fall, followed by heavy rains. In the San Bernardino range it is thunder and lightning are frequent. But the disastrous influence of the Colorado Desert again makes itself felt. In winter it was hot. Now it is a fiery furnace from which withering winds are blowing; heat without water, a stifling heat. Day knows no respite; it brings no freshness—120 degrees over 120 degrees are recorded, and the rains have traveled up the gulf.

The influence of the Colorado Desert on the climate of Arizona is growing greater. They have followed the Colorado River far to the north. They have turned the upper end of the Colorado Desert and sent occasional floods of water into the mountains about Tehachas. They have gone to the heart of the great, fertile prairie of Los Angeles and San Bernardino, and have skinned the people of Arizona back of them; they have doubled around, and spent

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES  
BY EMMA V. SHERIDAN, ACTRESS

CHAPTER XV.

*Bird takes up her cue.*

"Remember," said Freda to Daisy, as the performance was about to begin, "don't act, keep cool, mind your business, don't speak till you are sure you have your cue, and, if you leave out anything, don't go back for it."

Poor Daisy was white through her nose with awe, trembling and breathing in short gasps.

"Give her some whisky," said Tirade. "And make her sick! go away."

"Oh, what shall I do?" panted Daisy.

"Don't gasp, for one thing; it only makes you more scared. Breathe slowly and steadily, and don't forget to be bold and strong," and as Daisy began fluttering the leaves of her part, "let you part alone, you can't learn any more now, and you only add to your fidgets."


"Freda, I can't control myself."

"Self-control," said Freda, "is at heart and at first suppressing display of emotion. Keeping quiet physically will make you quiet mentally. Do it."

Daisy began to whisper while the music swelled, and her face twitched. At this Freda said:

"Look here, Daisy! You're going to be calm or in hysterics before five minutes, according to whether you take my advice, or go on starting and gasping and walking up and down."

By dint of hard-hearted talk like this, Freda got the girl through to the "drapery cue." As 'end of my rope' sounded, Daisy, with sudden stiffening of every muscle, walked on the stage humming as Freda had directed; only she hummed a soft orange glow in front of her; like a luminous curtain fringed with the wavering foot lights. Her own identity faded, and the scene went smoothly, even



**T.E.W.**

"A frightened look of

charmily. "Very well, my dear, very well," said Kildare, giving her a slight squeeze before he dissolved the curtain picture, "and your dress is charming too."

"Don't feel too sure," Freda warned as she hastily turned on the "drapery waist," and adjusted the borrowed train.

For all that, Daisy waited impatiently for the cue. This was her 'big scene' in this she would show them.

"Let her come on," said the Nabob.

Daisy flung the door open and came in flying. There was a scene barrier across the door, through and over it she stripped. In spite of the stumble she gathered herself, but the pause herself the door time to close on her train. By the time she had freed herself all courage for "flying in" had departed, and she pattered weakly to her "father," slumped on her knees a wondered if her feet were free from his dress. The Nabob's eyes were fixed expectantly upon her. A pall of horror fell across her brain. Of course! she ought to speak! The Nabob roared the line in her ear. She gathered herself and spoke it, but the confidence was gone. When the robe she found herself jammed between her father's chair and her tangled train. Her mouth was dry, and she could not wet it. An awful hush seemed around her through which her own voice slipped quaveringly. The "house" was alternately a black yawning vault and a flame-streaked space. Now and then the heads of the musicians and the handle of the base viol showed like monsters swimming in a sea of flame. The footlights gave her that idea, she saw the audience, and she saw the door, that, her lines left her. A panic-stricken thought of running away came. To away—where! Any where dark & quiet! Then the words started again. They didn't sound like sense, but went glad to voice whatever came in her head. The Nabob evidently got his all right, for he made his exit.

Poor Daisy felt herself deserted in the jungle of India with wild animals around her. She fought desperately through the stream of words, her arms swinging here and there, she fell down on her knees for the "prayer" part and thought she heard a pin give way. Then the page she had studied appeared before her. She thanked her Maltese and read wildly from the phantom manuscript. The words blurred and faded, and she made a desperate "made up." At the end, mindful of Freda's directions, she rose and backed to the calcium. She heard more of the page, and she was a good deal out of wit, but she braced for a final effort. When her last breath she shouted huskily:

"I will marry the Duke!"

Of course it should have been "Count." She realized that at once, and as certain descended corrected herself with a shrill squeak, which fortunately, cut her must be heard.

"Oh Freda!" she wailed, "I shall never be an actress."

"Never mind! It wasn't so bad. Lucky I used safety pins, wasn't it?"

"But I cut out the whole plot just before!"

"Oh, well, that doesn't hurt the plot. Most of them expected you to 'Count', and probably thought you say Count. The rest didn't hear, however."

Daisy's nerve was gone, she shivered. Even her coming wordless scene seemed too much for her. Ah! How delicious were the tales of the joys of acting, the triumphs of understudies! Freda managed to get her on and off two or three times, the last time saying:

"Your next ends is; remember Nabob brings you on."

Daisy stood faint and trembling, saying to herself that in a little while it would all be over.

"It comes in a minute," Freda whispered, passing near the entrance.

Daisy's heart thumped heavily. Just then a startled glance from the girl behind her caught her attention.

The girls—"ladies of rank," on the programme) who, by entering with her, were to assist the scene with a generous display of chalked shoulders and such accessories, that in their elaborate dresses could convey, were all, with widened eyes, looking down the long hall which terminated at the stage doors. Up this hall, with rapid step came white-clad, diamond-lighted figures whose stately and strained gait showed clearer as she neared the glare of the wings.

"It's Miss Ellaine," gasped the girls. They fell back from her, and Daisy shrank aside, as her robe of silk and chink of beaded fringe, her eyes bright and fixed, she came. At sound of the familiar words from the stage her face lightened. The cue was upon her. She lifted the drapery and stood in the light of the stage. A stir went through the house at sight of the slender, nervous, sustained figure, with great earnest eyes and star-crowned brow. The people on the stage fell back. She motioned the Nabob aside, and with head erect and unflinching step, came to her appointed place. Her shining eyes were fixed on Kildare. In that moment all faded from her but his face. She lifted her arms toward him.

"I am come!" she said, and the agents loudly "let her come!"

"With this she swayed, her eyes shone white, and she fell upon her face."

The curtain rang down. Freda lifted her head, and turned her face. A trail of blood came from between the clenched teeth.

"She is dead!" Freda moaned. The she stood and pointing at Kildare's cried: "And that coward there has killed her!"

CHAPTER XVI.

You see he loved me.

"You are crazy," smiled Kildare.

"I am not; I mean it." You have killed her as surely as if you had put a knife into her when first you saw her. You have killed her, heart and soul and will, through all these cruel two years. You have wrung the life from her, and now youth, her strength, and now the possibility comes too! You are a coward and a brute! You will go unchanged, but this time she will be changed."

red blood here is on your head. Look at her," she went on to the "extras," who crowded about, and whose rouged painted faces showed pale around the eyes, "—there lies one side of the life into which you are swarming, sweet, brave, loyal heart is broken here. This wee bit of womankind has brave fight ten times beyond the strength of any woman. Her name heads all the programme out there. What does that mean? Pat, patience, courage, undaunted, dogged courage. And this is the end of it all! She lies here in satin and lace, and with diamonds, to do it to me! Her faith has claimed her life, and she has not failed. It is like her to come here at last, no sign against him, though her head-blood comes to her lips to speak her blood."

She gathered the frail form in her arms, and pressed her face to it.

That night Bird's eyes opened, rested on Freda's face, then wandered to Kildare, who stood gloowering at the foot of the bed.

"Where is it?" A frightened look on his face crossed her face, the thought remembered and made an effort to her hand to her breast. The satin gown had been cut from her, but the lace deer had not been touched. Freda's folds Freda drew a bit of paper up to her forehead, hid it once closely.

In this moment Bird's face took a den beauty.

"You see, Freda," she cried, a ring of love in her voice; "you see how I loved me. Then, her eyes on his pitious question, she said again: "You love me?"

That was the end.

CHAPTER XVII.

Come.

The newspapers explained how the beautiful leading lady of Kildare Company had been stricken on the stage, and how she had been taken to a little country home which she had for a course in the New York Lyceum Arts; of her progress there, her subsequent short experience, her promotion to a leading position with the company. They quoted her beauty, her satirist, her ambition, her careful study under Kildare. They spoke, too, of noble grief at her death, of his terrible thought of the mother into whose arms she resigned the child she loved, of the desolated home. All this the dates were cancelled and the complete faded. They didn't mention that salary was not paid, but what was that to do with it? Oh, there never was a star like, so considerate, so good.

The papers said all this and more. They said the season would be continued with the talented Miss Gray in the leading position. Then they sketched the talented Miss Gray, career, and gave an account of country home which she had left it course at the New York Lyceum Arts, her progress there, and so on, very much like the other, about Freda. Daisy clenched at it all, but she shut her teeth, and said:

"It's good advertisement."

The last few weeks of the season dragged wearily. One-night star after star, the talented Miss Gray and Kildare savagely sullen.

"Shall we be with my next?" Freda! Daisy asked,

"No."  
"You know what you shall do?"  
"A dramatic agency has gotten me an offer in a stock in California."  
"Shall you take it?"  
"I think so." She covered her eyes with her hand, looking up, added stoically, "Stuck-on is it?"  
"Oh, Freda! Shiall you?"  
"I shall give myself a chance to be happy, dear, though I am not worth it."  
The last Sunday, Freda sent for Kildare. Her trunk was packed and her rooms bare. After a sharp knock he entered.  
"I expected this before," he said.  
"What do you suppose I want?"  
"To close for next season."  
"I have already said my word."  
"You did the same thing last season." Freda winced.  
"Why not talk business on the train tomorrow," he added.  
"I am," he resumed, mockingly. "You have sent to say 'Farewell, sweet play-fellow.' 'Dear Hermia.' How touching."  
"I have sent to know what Bird meant the night she died."  
Kildare stroked his chin. He had paled a little, but his eyes were cold and steady.  
"I may as well tell you. It may alter your decisions in some directions. She thought I would not stand between us. You have stood by her like your brave, loyal self, but she's gone. She was never anything to me, that you know. That is not between us. Freda! dear one, listen to your own better nature, listen to your heart!"  
She rocked to and fro, but did not speak, and he went on gently: "You love me, you always have, you always will. Some time you must come to me. Come now."  
He stood beside her, his hand on her shoulder. His face was very grave.  
"I will not," she said through her clenched teeth.  
"Be in this the woman you are in every other way," he answered gently.  
"I will never marry any man but you."  
"Do not marry, for you love me. You do not wreck both our lives by a stubborn adherence to a benighted custom. Men and women are not to be tied together save by unity of purpose and of such a bond is between us. You are mine."  
The girl moaned.  
"You loved me," he went on, "that should be your law."  
She lifted her head and laughed, while tears welled from her eyes.  
"How little you know me, after all; your wife or your sweetheart would be an equal degradation. My love shall not be my law. It is so that every drop of red blood in me leaps at your touch; it is so that the voice of the heart in me crowds down to the place under your feet, where all who love you must come, yet I know my love is the law of the worst in me. Weak as my woman-heart is, I tell you, your love is the law of my life. To come to you is to degrade my soul to your level, and to the level of depths within me. I will not do it. I stand above you now, and I will hold my place."  
He stood up against your salvation, and for a sentiment."  
"No, I fight against a curse, and I fight for the womanhood in me, which is not mine to degrade."  
"You would purify of soul is not her own; it belongs to God, and to the man who one day may claim her by a right her whole nature will recognize."  
"I am he," said Kildare, his grasp on her shoulder tightening.  
"No!" she cried, shaking herself free.  
"You are the woman with wit to be brave. I am beaten down by the storm of my own mad heart, not because you are he."  
"Low as I am, we are one I say. The better nature in you must lift me up."  
"It is not true. Though my blood clings to the change in you, our souls are strangers. I could not lift you up—you would only drag me down."  
"There, then, is your place, in my arms. Little girl, you beat against the cage that surely holds you." He spoke tenderly, his arms about her. Freda lifted her head that their eyes might meet.  
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charmingly. "Very well, my dear, very well," said Kildare, giving her a slight squeeze more he kissed her on the forehead, "and your dress is charming, too."

"Don't be too sure," Freda warned, as she hastily pinned on the "drapery waist," and adjusted the borrowed tulle.

For all that, Daisy waited impatiently for the cue. This was her "big scene," in this she would show them.

"Let her come in!" said the Nabob.

Daisy flung the door open and came in. Freda there was a scene to be acted across the door, through and over this she stripped. In spite of the stumble, she gathered herself, but the pause had given the door time to close on her train. By the time she had freed herself, she fell across her brain. Of course, of course! she ought to speak! The Nabob roared the line in her ear. She gathered herself and spoke it, but her confidence was gone. When she rose she found herself jammed between her father and the Nabob. Now and then Her mouth was dry, and she could not wet it. An awful hush seemed around her through which her own voice piped quaveringly. The "house" was alternately a black yawning vault and a bright glare. Now and then the heads of the musicians and the handle of the base viol showed like demons swimming in a sea of flame. The footlights gave her that idea, she supposed, and, having stopped to suppose that, she was in a panic-stricken state of thought of running away home. To get away—where? Any where dark and quiet! Then the words started again. They didn't sound like sense, but she was glad to voice whatever came in her head. The Nabob either forgot or got his cue all right, for he made his exit.

Poor Daisy felt herself deserted in a jungle of India with wild animals all around her. She fought desperately through the stream of words, her arms swinging here and there, as she went down. She knew for "prayer" part, and thought she heard a pin give way. Then the page she had studied appeared before her. She thanked her Maker, and read wildly from the phantom manuscript. When the words blurred she "went up." At the Nabob's nod of Freda's directions, she rose and backed into the calcium. She heard more pins go, and she was a good deal out of wind, but she braced for a final effort. With her last breath she uttered huskily:

"I will marry the Duke."

Of course it should have been "Count." She realized that at once, and as the curtain descended centered herself in a shrill squeak, which fortunately, the curtain did not catch.

"Freda!" she wailed. "I shall never be an actress."

"Never mind! It wasn't so bad. Lucky I used safety pins, wasn't it?"

"But I cut out the whole plot saying 'Daisy!'"

"Oh, well, that doesn't hurt the play. Most of them expected you to say 'Count,' and probably thought you did say Count. The rest didn't hear any how."

Daisy's nerve was gone, though. Even her coming wordless scene seemed too much for her. Ah! How delusive were the tales of the joys of acting and the triumphs of understudies! Freda managed to get her on and off two or three times, and then she said:

"Your next ends it; remember the Nabob brings you on."

red blood here is on your head. Look at her!" she went on, "extrax," she crowded alone and whose round painted faces showed pale around her, "—there lies one side of life into which you are swarming. sweet, brave, loyal heart is broken here!" "This is the end of it, it is!" "You have snatched the strength of any woman. Her name heads us all the programme out there. What do that mean? Toll patience, courage undaunted, dogged courage. And h is the end of my world lies here, satin and lace, and with diamonds!" "What does that mean? Nothing!" "The heart under it hated it!" "She lies here at the feet of a man who has had from her her best of loyalty and love. And this is the end of it!" "You have sneered and laughed. Do to do it now! Her faith has claimed even her life, and she has not failed. It is like her to come here at last, no sign against him, though her head blood comes to her lips to speak her love."

She gathered the frail form in her arms and moaned over it.

That night Bird's eyes opened rested on Freda's face, then wandered to Kildare, who stood glowering at helplessness.

"Where is it?" A frightened look foolishness crossed her face, then remembered and made an effort to her hand to her breast. The satin gown had been cut from her, but the lace derriere was still there. Freda, who in Freda drew a bit of paper up which Kildare's hand at once closed on.

In this moment Bird's face took the death beauty.

"You see, Freda," she cried, a ring of light in her voice, "you see, I loved me. Then, her eyes on his piteous question, she said again: "You love me?"

That was the end.

CHAPTER XVII.  
Come.

The newspapers explained how beautiful leading lady of Kildare's Company had been stricken on the stage. They gave a sketch of her career; of little country home which she had for a course in the New York Lyceum Arts; of her progress there, her subsequent short experience, her production of a play on the stage of satire. They quoted her beauty, her satirity, her ambition, her careful studies under Kildare. They spoke, too, of noble grief at her death, of his terrible thought of the mother in the state of life, and of his generous care of the sorrowing parent, even to the of the desolated home. All this the dates were canceled and the compile. They didn't mention that salaries were not paid, but what had to do with it! Oh, there never was a star kind, so considerate, so good.

The papers said all this and more. They said the season would be continued with the talented Miss Gray in the leading position. They said she was to leave the stage to her career, and gave an account of country home which she had left to course at the New York Lyceum Arts, her progress there, and so on. They said she liked all that, but that she had said, and said:

"It's good advertisement."

The last few weeks of the season dragged wearily. One-night stars were scarce, and the territory left to any Kildare savagely sullen.

"Shall we be with my next?" Freda! Daisy asked,





With the exception of the Bernhardt appearance last Monday, of which mention, the week has been entirely free from any theatrical excitement, save such as pertains to the expectation of coming events that "cast their shadows before" in the advance notices of the energetic managers and agents. Our Los Angeles play-goers must be hard to please indeed—which is not their reputation—if they are not satisfied with one or more of the attractions to be presented this week.

In the first place there is Nat Goodwin, or to be more respectful to a gentleman who is no longer a plain farce-comedy actor, "Mr." Nat Goodwin, that being his present style and title. If he should graduate into the highest walks of comedy he would then be "Mr. Nathaniel." Goodwin no doubt, but as he carries his present distinction as a comedian under the familiar appellation of "Nat" it is likely that the name will stick to him till the end. Everybody will be at the theater tomorrow night to see him in *A Gold Mine* and he will be heartily welcomed even though the members of the "Mystic Shrine" have not bought the whole parquet as they did the last time he was advertised to appear here. The Shriners then prepared a royal reception for the comedian, engaged a banquet and were to attend the performance in a body, each member wearing his red fez, and all agreeing that it was to be a gala occasion. But the proposed festivity was destined to eclipse, for at the last moment came a telegram from Truckee, sent by the comedian as he was speeding east, expressing regrets that he could not possibly keep his Los Angeles engagement, and the laugh was on the wrong side of the mouths of the expectant Shriners.

This time, however, no such contrivance is likely to occur. There will be no banquet prepared, at any rate in advance, but the genial comedian is expected to furnish all the entertainment. Everyone knows that he has the power to do this, and that power will be exerted to their utmost. After *A Gold Mine* he will give two performances of *The Nominee*, closing his engagement on Wednesday night. There will be no matinee.

On Thursday evening the rivalry between the two theaters takes an open form. Manager Wyatt's house will be the scene of the rendition of *A Mid-Night Bell*, and Managers McLean & Lehman have, Charles Dickinson announced for his first appearance here in *Jack Ransom*. Of the former piece it may be unnecessary to say more than that it is written by Charles Hoyt. But it is to be understood that Mr. Hoyt has not attempted to give the public the bill of fare furnished in *A Tin Soldier*, *A Rag Baby* and kindred productions. The present piece is full of character sketches of a humorous kind, and is warranted by the management to be as mirth-provoking as anything ever written by the author. The occasion will be marked by its being the opening night of the Los Angeles Theater for the season and the first performance since Manager Wyatt's return from the East. This fact and the appearance of Miss Lansing Rowan, so well known here as Maud Rowan, in the piece will draw a large house.

The new play, with the rather unorthodox title, *Innocent*, will be given at the Grand Opera-house on Thursday night for the first time here, and Mr. Charles Dickinson will figure as the star. Mr. Dickinson will be remembered here for his clever work as leading juvenile in the Lyceum Theater Company, especially for his performance of "Jack Dexter" in *The Wife* and also at a later period of "Jack Ransom" in *The Shutter*. He is thoroughly well liked, and his appearance, together with the first production of Mrs. Pacheco's play, will suffice to draw good houses for the engagement, which is limited to three nights and a matinee.

The appearance of Sara Bernhardt here and the laudations lavished upon her personal appearance and her marvelous acting have, as might be expected, drawn forth some counter criticisms. That many people were disappointed in her goes without saying. Their expectations had been wrought up to a high pitch and they experienced a sudden sensation of failure, an inability to "catch on" just as soon as the curtain rose, and they realized what it was not to understand a word of the dialogue. It is all very well to say that Bernhardt's acting was so powerful as to render a knowledge of her language unnecessary. The same could not be said of her company, and the people present who were unimpaired with the language could not possibly realize the intellectual pleasure about which all the great critics have written, and which so many great multitudes have experienced.

The old, familiar story has also been raised about the standard of morality observed by actors and actresses in their private life. One side says it is a matter with which theater-goers have no concern. A correspondent of *The Times* voicing another rather popular sentiment says "Why not? If our wives and daughters desire to attend the theater or the opera, have we not as much right to inquire into the moral character of those whom we expect to entertain them as we have to look into that of the minister in the pulpit, or the female lecturer? If we say 'yes' in answer to this question then it must be allowed that a strict examination must be made into the moral character of the shoe store clerk before he is allowed to handle the pedal extremities of our wives and daughters, also an inquiry into the reputations of the dry goods clerks who dispense familiar articles of apparel to be worn by the wives and daughters of the audience."

The mistake made by the correspondent arises from taking the wrong point of view. The parallel attempted to be drawn in the function of the actor and of the minister, is not admissible for the reason that they are entirely dissimilar. The latter is a teacher from the resources of his knowledge, his own experience, his own convictions. He influences his hearers because of their

belief in the genuineness of his personal convictions, their reliance upon his spiritual insight and their knowledge of the purity of his character.

The actor, conversely, is a teacher at second-hand. At his average elevation he is only a parrot, as it were, repeating the words of others, and it is only his powers of simulation that give life to the character he represents. Nobody thinks of attributing good qualities to the actor because he utters virtuous sentiments, any more than they think he is naturally a bad man because he enacts the villain.

If the private character of the actor and actress people is a proper subject for investigation because they help to "entertain" our wives and daughters the whole staff of the theater, managers, treasurers, musicians, scene shifters and property men must come under the rule.

Seriously, the morality of a theatrical person is just as much subject to investigation as that of any other person, and no more. But, "use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping!"

So much has been written about Bernhardt that some people have fondly imagined there was nothing left to say. That criticism had about exhausted itself in an effort to present something new in reviewing her performances. But the task has been achieved, and that in Los Angeles by no less an authority than the Herald.

It required a profound knowledge of anatomy, physiology, odontology, dynamics and things in order to get there, but for a thoroughly original and serious treatment of the great actress's qualifications from a critical point of view, nothing has been written that will surpass the following elegant extract.

First, as to her thinness. That is all bosh. The divine Sara is an exquisitely formed woman, and quite capable of hurling any ordinary person over the footlights. Her arms are plump, beautiful and quite muscular. She has every characteristic of a well-nourished person, in whom the processes of chyme and chyle have proceeded very harmoniously.

Again: "Her teeth gleam with the pearly whiteness of youth, and the most rigorous glass can as yet detect no flaw in them."

This testimony to the soundness of Sara's molars, while it is of no value in estimating her as an actress, speaks volumes for the goodness of her physical condition. After this expert testimony it is superfluous to inform the public that her weight is "probably about one hundred and forty pounds, her figure characterized by a generous waist, very much in evidence below the belt." *Palmar qui meruit, ferat.*

#### IMPRESSIVE SERVICES.

##### Three Young Women Renounce the World

An impressive religious service occurred yesterday morning at the Pico Heights convent, when three young ladies, sisters Mary Lourdes Garvey, Mary Bernard Wood and Mary of Good Counsel Mooney renounced the world, took the black veil, and were received as nuns into the convent of the Immaculate Heart. At the same time, Misses Nora Miller and Mary Mooney were received as novices. The ceremony occurred at 9 o'clock. Rev. Father Adams, V. G., officiating, assisted by Rev. Father Carrasco, late of San Luis Obispo. Father McDonald delivered the exhortation, and Bishop O'Connell was seated within the altar. The little chapel was crowded to the doors with interested spectators, the relatives of the young ladies occupying seats in front near the altar rail, where knelt the five candidates. The two about to be received as novices, were dressed as brides, in pure white with veils and orange blossoms, and the other three wore the garb of the order of nuns. The high altar was handsomely decorated with flowers, and ablaze with candles. It was a most impressive scene, the three young girls voluntarily renouncing the world, their relatives and all earthly considerations to give their lives to the church.

The solemn questions put to the candidates were promptly and unflinchingly answered, and the three young girls, as novices, assumed, and as they each one in turn made her public promise consecrating herself forever to the church, ending the vow with this covenant, "I also promise to keep myself in perpetual chastity, perpetual obedience and perpetual poverty, unless the prelate to whom I submit my own, for some just cause dispense me of the same, so help me God."

At the conclusion of the ceremony while the triumphant peals of the organ rolled through the chapel, the newly consecrated nuns bade an affectionate farewell to their families, friends and relatives, the affecting scene moving many to tears. But the young faces framed in the somber black veils, gave no sign of grief, but rather a calm resignation which was even more touching than avowed sorrow.

#### A Plea for Justice and Mercy.

I went to sail on the Salton Sea. And the crew I shipped was a crippled flea. And the cry of a lone soul.

I spread my sails and away I went. And the land was soon from sight.

While even the moon from my vision crept. As I sped into the night.

The cry of the loon gave a fearful note. And all of a sudden there sprang in the boat.

A form that I could not see.

My hair rose up on my head in fear, And I said, "Oh, who art thou?"

There came the splash of a falling tear From the figure in the prow.

It said, "Oh, I am the spirit king. The guardian of the Salton Sea."

And I would fain to the public bring These statements I wish to make.

The rightful name of my wide domain Is Salton Sea, no more.

But the names they have given it—I re-voke. (But still the spirit swore.)

"Now some they call it the 'Patton Sea.' And I'll be hanged if he 'Patton's' me. So he can't get a 'Patton' right."

And some they call it the 'Herald Sea.' In honor of the 'Herald' ship.

Now this water, you see, is as 'salt' as can be. While the Herald is awfully 'fresh.'"

The cry of the loon gave a fearful shriek. And the sea jumped overhead.

While the sound of my teeth, as I strove to. Was like shot in an empty gourd.

I carefully noted the words he spoke. And I told him that I would spread.

His thoughts on the subject—but here I aforesaid.

And found I was safe in bed. *PIRATE.*

Pullman Palace Drawing-room sleeping cars and Pullman tourist sleeping cars, Los Angeles to Chicago, daily without change, by the Santa Fe Route.

WHITE ROSE FLOUR can be had at Jerome's, 124 W. 13th North Spring st.

THE WATER from Bartlett Springs is a boon to suffering humanity. For sale by H. Jevne, 124 and 126 N. Spring st.



We have all of us heard the so-called servant question discussed again and again from our own standpoint, and now I think it well for my readers to consider it from the servants' point of view.

The following excellent paper was written by a servant girl who is now living in Los Angeles, and who left it at *The Times* office. It was originally published in the Chicago Interior Ocean and is a plain, straightforward statement of a servant girl's views of the relations that should exist between the mistress and her servant. It is well to look at this question upon all sides, and then perhaps we may find a solution of the problem which troubles us. Let us read what this girl has to say.

To pick up the gauntlet thrown down time immemorial by our social superiors seems to be the duty of some of us. The facts in the "servant girl question" have been fully canvassed from the point of view of "abused ladies of leisure," but so far as I know none of our own number has taken up the question in behalf of the "omnipotent servant girl."

It is not my purpose to scold or malign, but I want to be heard as to the facts of the case. I know something of hard work, and I have known many reasonable and kind mistresses, but I know more who take us into their houses from the first as a necessary evil. I ask you to look honestly into your own hearts and say whether or not if you one looks upon you with suspicion, treats you as if you were a slave, and so on, and so on, and so on.

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#### IMPRESSIVE SERVICES.

##### Three Young Women Renounce the World

An impressive religious service occurred yesterday morning at the Pico Heights convent, when three young ladies, sisters Mary Lourdes Garvey, Mary Bernard Wood and Mary of Good Counsel Mooney renounced the world, took the black veil, and were received as nuns into the convent of the Immaculate Heart. At the same time, Misses Nora Miller and Mary Mooney were received as novices. The ceremony occurred at 9 o'clock. Rev. Father Adams, V. G., officiating, assisted by Rev. Father Carrasco, late of San Luis Obispo. Father McDonald delivered the exhortation, and Bishop O'Connell was seated within the altar. The little chapel was crowded to the doors with interested spectators, the relatives of the young ladies occupying seats in front near the altar rail, where knelt the five candidates. The two about to be received as novices, were dressed as brides, in pure white with veils and orange blossoms, and the other three wore the garb of the order of nuns. The high altar was handsomely decorated with flowers, and ablaze with candles. It was a most impressive scene, the three young girls voluntarily renouncing the world, their relatives and all earthly considerations to give their lives to the church.

The solemn questions put to the candidates were promptly and unflinchingly answered, and the three young girls, as novices, assumed, and as they each one in turn made her public promise consecrating herself forever to the church, ending the vow with this covenant, "I also promise to keep myself in perpetual chastity, perpetual obedience and perpetual poverty, unless the prelate to whom I submit my own, for some just cause dispense me of the same, so help me God."

At the conclusion of the ceremony while the triumphant peals of the organ rolled through the chapel, the newly consecrated nuns bade an affectionate farewell to their families, friends and relatives, the affecting scene moving many to tears. But the young faces framed in the somber black veils, gave no sign of grief, but rather a calm resignation which was even more touching than avowed sorrow.

#### A Plea for Justice and Mercy.

I went to sail on the Salton Sea. And the crew I shipped was a crippled flea. And the cry of a lone soul.

I spread my sails and away I went. And the land was soon from sight.

While even the moon from my vision crept. As I sped into the night.

The cry of the loon gave a fearful note. And all of a sudden there sprang in the boat.

A form that I could not see.

My hair rose up on my head in fear, And I said, "Oh, who art thou?"

There came the splash of a falling tear From the figure in the prow.

It said, "Oh, I am the spirit king. The guardian of the Salton Sea."

And I would fain to the public bring These statements I wish to make.

The rightful name of my wide domain Is Salton Sea, no more.

But the names they have given it—I re-voke. (But still the spirit swore.)

"Now some they call it the 'Patton Sea.' And I'll be hanged if he 'Patton's' me. So he can't get a 'Patton' right."

And some they call it the 'Herald Sea.' In honor of the 'Herald' ship.

Now this water, you see, is as 'salt' as can be. While the Herald is awfully 'fresh.'"

The cry of the loon gave a fearful shriek. And the sea jumped overhead.

While the sound of my teeth, as I strove to. Was like shot in an empty gourd.

I carefully noted the words he spoke. And I told him that I would spread.

His thoughts on the subject—but here I aforesaid.

And found I was safe in bed. *PIRATE.*

Pullman Palace Drawing-room sleeping cars and Pullman tourist sleeping cars, Los Angeles to Chicago, daily without change, by the Santa Fe Route.

WHITE ROSE FLOUR can be had at Jerome's, 124 W. 13th North Spring st.

THE WATER from Bartlett Springs is a boon to suffering humanity. For sale by H. Jevne, 124 and 126 N. Spring st.

one." Let the servant feel that her mistress appreciates her efforts to please and to do faithfully the duties assigned her. Let your common human nature be in touch, and be ready to accept of your servants what is their just need. This does not necessitate familiarity or the lessening of self-respect, it only means a due regard for the inalienable rights of others, whatever the character of the relation to us which they occupy. *SEAN SUNSHINE.*

#### South Pasadena and San Gabriel Valley.

(AS KEPT FROM THE POUCH OF GRAHAM'S VILLAGE.)

Oh, lovely vale, with mountains grand.

And sloping foothills scattered round;

Watching the hills seem to stand

Overlooking all the cultivated ground.

Far, far away, thy orchards spread;

The orange trees adorn the vale.

And grapes are loaded, bend their head;

A fruitful harvest they foretell.

Wide scattered, over the vast plain

Are rural homes, fair, bright and clean;

Here industry does plenty gain;

No want or poverty is seen.

Thy mountains stand a bulwark strong

To guard the vale from chilly breeze;

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